FIRST COMICS

JULY
NO. 9
$1.25
$1.75 CANADA

DYNAMO JOE

© 1987 First Comics, Inc.

WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?

It is a new age, more than a thousand years hence, yet human nature has changed little. The forces and conditions that have bred wars in the centuries gone by now breed a different kind of war, a new breed of warrior. One of these new warriors is the robosoldier **Dynamo Joe**. This is his story.

Only three civilizations exist in our spiral of the galaxy, the greatest being the **Terran Confederation**, centered on Earth. The galaxy is shared with the cat-like **Tavitans**, and a benign master race, the **Imperium**.

The two man crew of **Dynamo Joe** consists of:

1) **Sergeant Elanian Daro**: citizen of the Imperium.

2) **Private Pomru**: a young Tavitan out to see the Universe. Like all Tavitans, Pomru has an uncanny, inexplicable instinct for danger.

Ten years before the start of this story, the planets at the Galactic rim fell under attack by a bizarre extra-galactic enemy called the **Mellenares** — millions of microscopic organ - isms linked together to form a single group consciousness, and possessing the ability to read minds. The foe moves at sub-light speeds, in an obsessive straight-line, devour - ing planets in its path.

LAST ISSUE: After Daro left on his long overdue leave, Pomru decided to take the battlesuit out for maneuvers to test some new, unauthorized modifications. He was attacted by Mellenares; one got inside the suit; Pomru froze it inside the new Absolute Zero Computer; and now the Alliance has their first P.O.W...

Rick Obadiah, Publisher
Kathy Kotsivas, Operations Dir.
Kurt Goldzung, Sales Mgr.
Ralph Musicant, Finance Dir.

Rick Oliver, Editorial Director
Alex Wald, Art Director
Rich Markow, Ed. Coordinator
Rick Taylor, Production Mgr.

DYNAMO JOE™ Vol. 1, No.9, July 1987. Published by FIRST COMICS, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610. Published monthly.

Copyright © 1987 First Comics, Inc. All rights reserved.

Price $1.25 in the U.S. Subscription rates for twelve issues: $15.00 in the U.S., $17.00 in Canada, and $32.00 foreign rate. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, without satiric content are intended or should be inferred. Dynamo Joe, Daro, Pomru and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of First Comics, Inc.

AM/FM radio, factory air -- optional. Printed in the U.S.A. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **Dynamo Joe**, c/o First Comics, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610.

A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION

ON THE FRINGES OF MELLENARES CONTROLLED SPACE, A DERELICT DYNAMO SUIT DRIFTS.

IT IS BUT ANOTHER REMNANT OF THE ORION WAR.

SPACE JUNK. OF INTEREST TO NO ONE.

BUT IT IS OF INTEREST TO SOMETHING.

THE MELLENARE DRAW CLOSER.

RADIATION BANDS ARE SCANNED... NO ACTIVITY IS FOUND.

DELICATE YET POWERFUL SAMPLER TENDRILS EASE FORWARD.

PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH THE DERELICT IS MADE...

AND THE TRAP IS SPRUNG!

DYNAMO JOE™

GOT ONE! COME IN SCIENCE STATION MOONDOG, THE FREEZE BOMB IS A SUCCESS! WE HAVE A MELLENARES PROBESHIP.

THIS IS DR. GOLLIDAY--MOVE THE OTHER GALAX-CS OUT OF CONCEALMENT AND ENCIRCLE THE PROBE WITH YOUR SUB-SPACE CLOAKING DEVICES ON. TIME IS ESSENTIAL!

P.O.W.

PLOT: RICE & FOGLIO
SCRIPT: PHIL FOGLIO
GUEST PENCILLER: BEN DUNN
INKER: BRIAN THOMAS
LETTERER: L. LOIS BUHALIS
COLORIST: RICK TAYLOR
EDITOR: RICK OLIVER
CREATED BY DOUG RICE

THE *ABSOLUTE ZERO* CONTAINMENT FIELD IS HOLDING. THIS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE WITHOUT YOUR WORK, *POMRU.*

THANK YOU, DR. WOW. SO WHEN CAN I REJOIN MY UNIT? I'D LIKE TO BE THERE WHEN MY *SERGEANT* RETURNS FROM FURLOUGH.

"YOU'RE FREE TO RETURN AT ANY TIME."

"BUT IF YOU'RE *CURIOUS* ENOUGH TO STICK AROUND..."

"THE MELLENARES UNIT THAT YOU CAPTURED WAS TOO *SMALL* FOR DR. GOLLIDAY AND ME TO STUDY PROPERLY...",

"NOW WE HAVE ONE WE CAN CRACK OPEN AND STUDY AT OUR LEISURE. IF YOU'D LIKE TO STAY AND *SEE* WHAT YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING..."

"OKAY, DOC, I'M HOOK, LINE AND SINKERED!"

MOONDOG--THIS IS BOLAN. PREPARE FOR ARRIVAL OF PRISONER.

WE COPY AND ARE OPENING CONTAINMENT VESSEL.

IS IT TRUE THAT IT WAS DARO'S KITTY CAT THAT CAUGHT THE FIRST ONE OF THESE?

SILENCE! YOU DISGRACE YOURSELF! THE TAVITAN HAS DISPLAYED THE COURAGE OF A TRUE WARRIOR. THE COMPANY HE KEEPS DOES NOT DETRACT FROM HIS ABILITIES.

CONTAINMENT VESSEL SECURE!

SUBSPACE CLOAKING GENERATOR ON.

REFRIGERATION UNITS OPERATING AT FULL POWER. WE ARE READY TO BEGIN.

Dr. VON THEISING, PRIVATE POMRU, ARE YOU READY?

ROGER-DOKEY!

THE NEW C.O.L.D.* SUITS ARE FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY, AND WE ARE READY TO ENTER THE CONTAINMENT VESSEL.

TEMPERATURE IN THE VESSEL HAS BEEN RAISED TO OPERATIONAL LEVELS. YOU MAY PROCEED.

*C.O.L.D. - CRYONIC OVERALL LOCOMOTION DEVICE.

"YOUR TELEMETRY READINGS ARE IN THE GREEN. INITIAL IMPRESSIONS?"

I NEVER REALLY REALIZED JUST HOW LARGE THEY WERE.

THEY SEEM A LOT LARGER WHEN THEY'RE TRYING TO RIP YOU OPEN, DOC.

THE IMPERIUM DEVELOPED THE DEVICE OVER 100 YEARS AGO, PRIVATE.

SO TELL ME ABOUT THIS HIGH INTENSITY COLD LASER, DOC--WHERE'D YOU FIND IT?

WE'RE THROUGH!

WHAT? ALREADY?!

THE HULL IS ONLY A COUPLE OF MILLIMETERS THICK, AND THIS STUFF ISN'T EVEN METAL.

THIS THING IS MADE UP ENTIRELY OF MELLENARES!

WELL, READY TO SEE THE FACE OF THE ENEMY, POMRU?

"ONCE MORE ONTO THE BEACH, DEAR FRIENDS..."

WHAT?

HISSSSS!!!

BY THE...

WELL? WHAT DO THEY LOOK LIKE? HELLO?

DAMNIT, WHAT'S IN THERE?!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

THANK YOU FOR JOINING US ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE, SERGEANT BOLAN. YOUR FILE STATES THAT YOU ARE AN *EXPERT* ON *BROADCAST POWER.*

TELL THAT TO THE MELLENARES.

THERE ARE NO *REAL* EXPERTS ON BROADCAST POWER. IT WAS PROVED UNFEASABLE.

IT *DESTROYS* ELECTROMAGNETIC COMMUNICATIONS.

WE'VE FINISHED ANALYZING THE STRUCTURE INSIDE THE ENEMY. IT'S A BROADCAST POWER RECEIVER. POWER THAT WE BELIEVE IS GENERATED BY THEIR CORE. DESTROY THE CORE AND THE ENTIRE RACE IS *POWERLESS.*

IF WE COULD *DUPLICATE* THIS RECEIVER...

WE COULD THEN FIGHT THE ENEMY USING ITS OWN POWER!!

MROWLL myewww myow FYIE-ROWL!

MAOW RRR YOW-OW! RHAWR!

WHAT IN SPACE...?

A *TECHNICAL* DISCUSSION. I MUST HAVE MOTHER SEND ME MY OLD TEXTBOOKS...

YOU'LL BE TOO BUSY HELPING US WRITE *NEW* ONES.

WE'VE COMPLETED THE *PRELIMINARY* ANALYSIS OF THE MELLENARES AND ARE NOW READY TO PROCEED TO THE *NEXT* EXPERIMENT. SINCE THE SUB-SPACE CLOAKING GENERATORS APPEAR TO *CUT OFF* NOT ONLY COMMUNICATIONS, BUT POWER TRANSMISSION AS WELL, THE MACHINE SHOULD BE RENDERED *INERT*. WE ARE THEREFORE *WARMING* THE MELLENARES BACK UP TO OPERATING TEMPERATURE.

NO!!

STOP THE HEATING IMMEDIATELY!

BUT DR.WOW, EVEN IF IT'S ACTIVE, THE STRENGTH OF THE CONTAINMENT VESSEL HAS BEEN CALCULATED TO...

NO! NO! NO! DO NOT GIVE ME LOGIC! GIVE ME TRUST! STOP IT NOW!

THE FAMOUS TAVITAN *INSTINCTS* AT WORK!

THAT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

CONTROL ROOM, COME IN!

WHAT? BUT... YESSIR! AT ONCE, SIR!

?

MALAHOWSKI--STOP THE HEATERS AND RE-ENGAGE THE REFRIGERATORS-- LADY OF SPACE!!!

GOOD LORD!

VREEE!VREEE!VREEE!VREEE!VREEE!VREE!

KKRISHH!!!

AAAAH!

EMERGENCEEEEEEEEE

AAAGHH!!

BY THE GENES OF MY MOTHER!! CONTROL!! THE MELLENARES HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE CONTAINMENT VESSEL!!

THIS IS BOLAN. WE COPY, KUSHNER. NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE!!

YES, SIR!

ALL GALAX-Cs, REGROUP AND COORDINATE FIRE UPON THE ENEMY!

BOLAN! IS THAT NECESSARY?

ARE YOU *SERIOUS*? *LOOK* AT THESE POWER READINGS! THE MACHINE IS GENERATING ITS *OWN* POWER. IT DOESN'T *NEED* THE CORE. LOOK, IT'S *STILL GROWING!*

IT'S FEEDING ON THE *STATION* ITSELF! IT'S CAPABLE OF AN ALMOST PURE MATTER TO ENERGY CONVERSION.

IT'S STILL *ACCELERATING.*

BLUE SPACE! WHERE WILL IT STOP?

I...I THINK I KNOW... IT'S LIKE A TERRAN *BEEHIVE* THAT'S LOST IT'S *QUEEN*--BECAUSE IT'S BEEN CUT OFF FROM THE CORE BY THE CLOAKING GENERATORS. A HIVE *GENERATES* A NEW QUEEN! THIS MACHINE IS *BECOMING* A NEW *CORE!*

IT MUST BE DESTROYED *NOW*, WHILE IT'S STILL *WEAK*. HERE COME THE *GALAX-Cs!*

TARGET IN OPTIMUM RANGE... FIRE!!

IT'S TOO LARGE! IT'S TAKING DIRECT HITS BUT IT POWER LEVELS ARE *UNAFFECTED!*

KUSHNER!!

WRONG! POWER LEVELS ARE *RISING! BOLAN!* GET THOSE MEN *OUT* OF THERE BEFORE...

COWPER! RETREAT IMMEDIATELY! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE CENTRAL FLEET!

ATTENTION ALL PERSONNEL! ABANDON STATION! REPEAT: ABANDON STATION!

SO LONG, DOC!

THE *EVACUATION* SHIP IS *THIS* WAY!

YEAH, BUT MY DYNAMO SUIT IS *THIS* WAY!

WAIT! I'M COMING WITH YOU!

ALL PERSONNEL ARE TO EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY!

POMRU! WE CAN USE YOUR ROBO-SOLDIER TO STOP THE MELLENARES!

NO! NO! NO! THE CLOAKING GENERATOR-- IT MUST BE TURNED *OFF!*

BUT THAT'S THE ONLY THING *STOPPING* IT FROM LINKING UP WITH ITS *REAL* CORE!

WHAT?! I MAY HAVE JOE SOUP-AND-SANDWICHED UP, BUT THAT SCHNABBCRAB-BER WAS TAKING OUT *GALAX-CS!*

WILL YOU STOP THINKING LIKE A **HUMAN**, PURRWAKAWAKA--AND **LISTEN** TO YOUR **INSTINCTS**? DON'T **QUESTION** THEM!

OKAY! PREPARE FOR LIFTOFF!

WAAA

ONE SHOT SHOULD...

STOP!!

BOLAN, WE'VE GOT TO SHUT IT OFF!

TAVITAN, ARE YOU MAD? THAT IS THE SUB-SPACE CLOAKING GENERATOR! PROBABLY THE ONLY THING SAVING OUR LIVES AT THE MOMENT.

EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

I CAN'T!

DO NOT MAKE ME DESTROY YOU! THE GENERATORS MUST STAY IF WE ARE TO SURVIVE!

BUT BOLAN, BOTH Dr. WOW'S INSTINCTS AND MY OWN SAY THEY MUST BE TURNED OFF!

AGAIN YOUR INSTINCTS? WHY? TELL ME WHY! THIS ACTION MAKES NO SENSE!

WE DON'T KNOW WHY. THE INSTINCT TELLS US, AND WE OBEY, AS... AS YOU WOULD OBEY THE KHAN!

THIS IS MADNESS! COME AWAY, NOW!

YOU BELIEVED US BEFORE-- BELIEVE US NOW! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

WE MONITORED YOUR CONVERSATION--THE CAT'S GONE SPACE-HAPPY!

THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN STOP US IS TO DESTROY US! THE GENERATORS MUST BE TURNED OFF!

FINE-- YOU'RE IN MY SIGHTS. TRY IT AND YOU'LL BE KITTY-CRUNCHIES!

STAY BACK!

BOLAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

WHAHOOO! HERE GOES NOTHIN'!

I AM SIDING WITH BLIND INSTINCT OVER BLIND STUPIDITY! NOW, POMRU, WHILE YOU CAN!!

THEY DID **WHAT?!** ALL PERSONNEL--THE SUB-SPACE CLOAKING GENERATORS ARE **DOWN!** MAKE FOR ALLIANCE SECTOR 1 AT FULL SPEED! PREPARE FOR MELLENARES ATTACK!!

CAT MOTHER PROTECT US...HERE THEY COME!!

THE SCANNERS ARE OVERLOADING... THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF THEM FORMING!

THE NOTHING WENT AWAY. A NEW VOICE WAS HEARD...

THE FLEEING SHIPS ARE IGNORED--THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT...

THE FINDING OF A NEW VOICE IS A MOMENTOUS OCCASION...

IT HAS TO BE FOUND IN TIME. TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE IS STILL RELATIVELY SIMPLE...

THE PROPER ALIGNMENT IS MADE, THE UNITS LINKED IN SEQUENCE FOR MAXIMUM EFFECT...

THEY FIRE...

AND THE NEW VOICE IS SILENCED.

KAABA PRESERVE US...PREPARE FOR SHOCKWAVE!!

SHIELDS HOLDING! TELL THE MED-OFFICERS THAT WE COULD ALL USE A LITTLE ANTI-RADIATION THERAPY WHEN WE GET BACK. WHATEVER THAT WAS, THEY WEREN'T FOOLING AROUND!

THEY DESTROYED IT!

AND THEMSELVES! BUT WHY?

BUT...BUT THEY HAVE ALL OF *SPACE* IN WHICH TO EXPAND. ARE THEY THAT *GREEDY?*

PERHAPS...OR PERHAPS THEY DO NOT KNOW HOW MUCH SPACE THEY HAVE AVAILABLE. HOW MUCH OF THE NATURE OF *MACRO-SPACE* IS IT POSSIBLE FOR A *MICRO-ORGANISM* TO UNDERSTAND?

OUR HIVE ANALOGY STILL HOLDS--AN *ESTABLISHED* QUEEN WON'T *TOLERATE* ANOTHER QUEEN WITHIN HER COLONY. THEY FIGHT TO THE *DEATH.*

LATER, BACK AT SIGMA BASE 6...

THANKS, BOLAN--BUT WHAT MADE YOU FINALLY *BELIEVE* ME?

I DO NOT HOLD YOUR ASSOCIATION WITH *DARO* THE DISGRACED AGAINST YOU. BOTH YOUR *INSTINCT* AND YOUR *ABILITY* AS A WARRIOR HAVE BEEN PROVED IN THE PAST. CORPORAL COWPERS' RASH ASSUMPTIONS DID NOT TAKE THAT INTO ACCOUNT.

WHAT OF *YOUR* RASH ASSUMPTION OF DARO'S UNWORTHINESS? MY INSTINCTS TELL ME THAT HE *IS* WORTHY OF YOUR RESPECT.

BUT HE HAS BEEN DECLARED DISGRACED BY THE KHAN HIMSELF.

MY INSTINCT SAYS THAT THE KHAN IS *WRONG.*

THE KHAN IS *NEVER* WRONG.

BUT IS HE ALWAYS *RIGHT?*

NEXT:
KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING...

CARGONAUTS

CALUMET, ARE YOU *SURE* YOU WANT US TO LEAVE YOU HERE?

ZEPHRAM, THE RE-BUILDING OF KHANLON STATION IS TOO BIG AN OPPORTUNITY TO MISS! THE *ROBOT* CAN DO YOUR DAY-TO-DAY BOOK-KEEPING, AND I CAN COORDINATE THE *BLACKBALL RUN* FROM HERE.

GOODBYE, DAD. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. (*Sniff!*)

I'LL SEE YOU BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.

I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT, FRANCES, BUT THE SHUTTLE'S HERE.

AVIATRAM

429

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ZEPHRAM?

OH, I'M JUST NOT USED TO HAULING *PASSENGERS*, RUSSEL, I'M LEERY OF CARGO THAT CAN COMPLAIN.

THINK OF IT AS A STROKE OF *LUCK*. AND SINCE WE'RE HEADING FOR THE *KHANATE* WITH OUR CARGO ANYWAY, IT'S A SPLENDID CHANCE TO PICK UP A NICE PROFIT.

YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

Tourist TRAP

Co-Plotters
Script: *PHIL FOGLIO*
Pencils: *PAUL GUINAN*
Inks: *SAM GRAINGER*
Letters: *L. LOIS BUHALIS*
Colors: *RICK TAYLOR*
Edits: *RICK OLIVER*

SMITH GOT OFF OKAY, CAP'N, AND HERE COME THE PASSENGERS.

Hmmm, AND THEY'RE ALL *IMPERIUM* CITIZENS. I WONDER WHAT'S UP?

PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD, CAPTAIN.

GRANTED. AND YOU ARE?

MY APOLOGIES, CAPTAIN, I AM GANDALF DEE, AND THIS IS MY WIFE, MALATHION.

YOU MAINTAIN A MUCH SMARTER SHIP THAN YOUR EXTERIOR IMPLIES, CAPTAIN.

YES, AN EXCELLENT CAMOUFLAGE JOB, SIR. I'M SERGEANT *ELANIAN DARO*.

VINATHA SIBOHAN--BUT PLEASE CALL ME VIN.

NO PROBLEM. IF YOU'LL FOLLOW MR. STEWART TO YOUR CABINS, WE'LL BE LEAVING MOMENTARILY. DINNER WILL BE SERVED AT 1800 HOURS.

AND SO...

...SO YOU CAN IMAGINE MY FEELINGS WHEN WE ARRIVE AND I FIND MY *LUGGAGE* IS SAFE, BUT THEY'VE LOST THE *STATION!*

A-hah, YOU MAKE AN EXCELLENT DINNER COMPANION, SERGEANT, AND I MUST COMPLIMENT YOU, MISTRESS RUSSEL, ON AN EXCELLENT MEAL! OUR COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHEF!

WHEN THE KHAN LEFT EARTH HE BROUGHT COFFEE PLANTS ALONG TO *HOMEWORLD*.

THERE SEEMS TO BE AN AWFULLY LARGE NUMBER OF IMPERIUM CITIZENS RETURNING HOME LATELY--NO BAD NEWS, I TRUST?

WOULD ANYONE CARE FOR SOME COFFEE?

REAL COFFEE? I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET ANY SINCE I LEFT THE IMPERIUM.

FAR FROM IT! WE RETURN TO HELP CELEBRATE THE *MILLENIUM*--THE 1000TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE IMPERIAL HOMEWORLD BY THE *MAGNA KHAN!*

NO KIDDING--A THOUSAND YEARS? I GUESS THE KHAN MUST BE INTO ABOUT HIS 10TH *CHILDHOOD* BY NOW, eh?

HOOG!

WUNCH!

SMACK!!

ACK!

THE KHAN IS NOT TO BE MOCKED MONGREL!

OKAY! OKAY! BUT DID YOU HAVE TO *HIT* ME?

YOU'RE *LUCKY* I GOT TO YOU FIRST--THE OTHERS WOULD'VE *KILLED* YOU.

YOU LET HIM LIVE? LET *ME*...!

BAH! SAVE YOUR HANDS FOR FINER THINGS, MISTRESS-- HIS BLOOD IS NOT WORTH SPILLING!

GO!

GAL

THEY DIDN'T LIKE DINNER?

I'M GONE!

SEVERAL UNEVENTFUL DAYS LATER...

STAR OF MILWAUKEE, YOUR FILES ARE IN ORDER. YOU MAY PROCEED. ENJOY YOUR STAY IN THE IMPERIUM.

WE'RE HERE, CAPTAIN. CAN I *LEAVE* NOW?

OKAY, JAZZ, I THINK WE CAN LET YOU OFF THE BRIDGE NOW. DO US A FAVOR AND GRAB A *SHOWER*, OKAY?

Mr. STEWART! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BEEN BLOWN OUT OF AN AIRLOCK.

IT'S BEEN TRIED. I WANTED TO *THANK* YOU FOR SAVING MY BUTT.

FORGET IT, I'VE LIVED WITH YOUR PEOPLE LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW YOU SPOKE OUT OF IGNORANCE.

WELL, MY FIRST DUTY IS TO REQUEST AN *AUDIENCE* WITH THE KHAN...

WHAT'RE YOUR PLANS?

I'LL *REQUEST* IT... I *WON'T* GET IT.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KHAN?! WOW!

Oh. WELL THEN, WOULD YOU MIND IF *I* TAGGED ALONG? I'D REALLY LIKE TO SEE WHERE THIS GUY DOES BUSINESS!

WHY NOT? IF I DON'T KEEP AN EYE ON YOU, YOU'LL BE *DEAD* IN FIVE MINUTES.

Mr. LARVATE? WE HAVE YOUR *CONSIGNMENT*. OUR DISPATCHER SAID THAT THIS ISN'T THE FINAL DESTINATION AND THAT YOU'D HAVE FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FOR US.

CORRECT, CAPTAIN. AS SOON AS MY *ASSOCIATE* ARRIVES, WE'LL BE HEADING FOR THE MAGURO MINING CLUSTER. NOW IF I MAY, I'D LIKE TO STOW MY GEAR AND INSPECT MY CONSIGNMENT. I'VE HEARD RUMORS THAT THERE'S SOME TROUBLE AT KHANLON STATION.

THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY.

READY, MR. STEWART?

CALL ME JAZZ.

ARISTOPHENOS--THE ADMINISTRATION CENTER OF THE KHANATE AND THE LARGEST CITY ON HOMEWORLD. THE KHAN HIMSELF HANDLES ALMOST NONE OF THE DAY-TO-DAY AFFAIRS OF HIS EMPIRE AND INDEED, IS RARELY SEEN.

SO, THIS MILLENIUM IS A BIG DEAL, HEY?

IT'S AN AFFIRMATION OF THE KHAN'S *SUPERIORITY*. NO OTHER HUMAN GOVERNMENT IN HISTORY HAS LASTED AS LONG OR FUNCTIONED AS SMOOTHLY.

WELL, IT HELPS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A *CHANGE* IN THE MANAGEMENT EVERY COUPLE OF YEARS.

EXACTLY! ALL THAT WE ARE, ALL THAT WE DO, ALL THAT WE ASPIRE TO *BE*--IS THE PRODUCT OF THE KHAN'S WILL. TO US, HE IS EVERYTHING.

GOOD WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT.

WATCH IT!

SO... HOW FAR IS THE KHAN'S *PALACE*?

YOU'RE IN LUCK--IT'S *HERE* FOR THE CELEBRATION.

IT'S HERE? Oh, YOU MEAN HE'S GOT *SEVERAL* AND HE MOVES AROUND?

NOT QUITE...

IS HIS PLACE NEAR THAT *MOUNTAIN* OVER THERE?

THAT'S NO MOUNTAIN.

C'MON, I CAN *SEE* IT FOR FERMI'S SAKE, IT'S RIGHT... WAITAMINUTE...

"THE KAABA--BOTH THE HOME OF THE MAGNA KHAN AND HIS PLANET'S PRIMARY DEFENSE. AN ORBITAL FORTRESS ALMOST 100 KILOMETERS IN DIAMETER, ITS FIREPOWER HAS YET TO BE COMPLETELY MEASURED. IT IS EQUIPPED WITH WARP CAPABILITY AND TOURS THE WORLDS OF THE KHANATE EVERY 100 YEARS. AS THE RESIDENCE OF THE KHAN HIMSELF, IT IS THE CENTER OF EVERY IMPERIUM CITIZEN'S EXISTENCE. IT EASILY RANKS AS ONE OF THE EIGHT TECHNOLOGICAL WONDERS OF KNOWN SPACE."

-MICHELIN'S GUIDE TO THE ALLIANCE.

ATTENTION, AIRCAR--RESTRICTED AIRSPACE. IDENTIFY YOURSELF AT ONCE!

SERGEANT ELANIAN DARO, 33H406SJ7, AND OFF-WORLDER GUEST, JASMINE STEWART. I AM HERE TO REQUEST A DEBRIEFING AUDIENCE WITH THE KHAN UPON RETURN FROM THE ORION CORRIDOR.

NOW WHAT?

NOW WE CIRCLE UNTIL THEY TELL US WHAT TO DO. SIT BACK AND ADMIRE THE ARCHITECTURE.

SERGEANT DARO--YOU MAY PROCEED TO APEX DOCK 500.

HEY! YOU GOT IN!

Oh.

ALL RETURNING CITIZENS ARE DEBRIEFED, BUT MOST REPORT TO A VIDEO MONITOR, NOT THE KHAN HIMSELF.

KA-THOOOMMM

CRIPES! THAT CAN'T BE NORMAL.

IT MOST CERTAINLY IS NOT!

THERE MIGHT BE CASUALTIES. CONTROL, THIS IS DARO. WE ARE WITHIN TWO KLICKS OF THE EXPLOSION SITE AND ARE GOING IN.

WE COPY. PLEASE REPORT DAMAGE AND BE CAREFUL OF YOUR GUEST. YOU ARE ENTERING A LEVEL ONE SECURITY AREA.

LEVEL ONE?

DON'T ASK.

GOT IT.

CONTROL--THERE IS AN OPENING APPROXIMATELY 10 TO 15 METERS IN DIAMETER. POSSIBLE FIRE HAZARD. I'M GOING IN.

Uh--DO YOU THINK THIS IS SUCH A GOOD IDEA?

CONTROL, WE ARE INSIDE. BLAST DAMAGE SEEMS TO BE PRIMARILY TO THE OUTER HULL. WE SEE NO EVIDENCE OF FIRE, BUT...

DARO! LOOK! THERE'S SOMEBODY OVER THERE!

WE HAVE AN AMBULATORY SURVIVOR. REQUEST MEDICAL ASSISTANCE AT ONCE.

Unh--THEY DAMAGED ...CASUALTIES... INSIDE... I...

Ohhhh!

SHE'S OUT OF IT!

I'LL CHECK OUT THE NEXT ROOM. YOU *STAY* WITH THE CAR. I'M PROBABLY GOING TO GET IN TROUBLE FOR LEAVING YOU *ALONE* AS IT IS.

A SECURITY SUB-STATION. WHAT *HAPPENED* HERE? THE BLAST PATTERN LOOKS TOO *REGULAR* TO BE *ACCIDENTAL*--AND WHY AREN'T THERE ANY *ALARMS*?

THESE SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN *DELIBERATELY* SHUT DOWN! THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT! BUT WHO WOULD'VE...

THE ONLY PERSON WE'VE SEEN IS THE INJURED WOMAN I LEFT BACK WITH JAZZ! OH, NO!

CONTROL? C'MON, WHAT'S TAKING YOU GUYS SO LONG? WE'VE GOT INJURED PEOPLE HERE!

THUP

CAN YOU *FLY* THIS CAR?

CAN YOU *AIM* THAT GUN SOMEWHERE ELSE?

NO.

YES.

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE NOT INJURED!

CLICK

AND YOU'RE NOT MOVING...

LET'S GO!

JAZZ!! STOP!

VVRROWWM!

VVV

WHAT HAVE WE GOTTEN *INTO*? WHY WOULD SOMEBODY SABOTAGE THE KAABA?

FREEZE!

YOU'RE UNDER *ARREST* FOR SUSPICION OF AIDING AND ABETTING THEFT OF THE KHAN'S PRIVATE PROPERTY!

THEFT OF...! ONE NICE THING ABOUT HITTING *BOTTOM*--YOU KNOW IT CAN'T GET ANY *WORSE*.

LOOK, uh, MISTRESS, I'M JUST AN *OFFWORLDER*, SO BEFORE THINGS GET ANY WORSE, HOW ABOUT YOU JUST TELL ME WHERE YOU WANT ME TO DROP YOU OFF AND I'LL JUST *FORGET* ABOUT THIS WHOLE THING, OKAY?

SOUNDS REASONABLE. TAKE ME TO THE CARGOPORT.

THE CARGOPORT?

THAT'S RIGHT. I'M LOOKING FOR A FREIGHTER CALLED THE *STAR OF MILWAUKEE*.

gleep!

NEXT! **BRUTE FORCE!**

Dear Tabby

C/O FIRST COMICS
435 N. LASALLE
CHICAGO IL 60610

Dear Mr. Foglio and Company:

Although Dynamo Joe has realistic concepts, it lacks a few elements of war. Full of con - fusions, screams, fears, and deaths, war can be a painful experience to both the van - quished and the victor. What I see in Dynamo Joe, unlike other readers, is not a debonair person having a glamorous and thrilling fantasy, but a dutiful soldier risking his life and struggling to perform his duties to the Khan and the Imperium.

Mr. Foglio did a great job in showing the tensions in the Alliance. Fighting against an unknown, bizarre, and mys - terious enemy can definitely strike fears into the heart of the Alliance. Fortunately for the Alliance, more and more is revealed about the Mellenares each day.

Kenneth C. Tran
Sacramento, CA

Hey, what about Pomru? Just because he's cute and fuzzy doesn't mean he doesn't have feelings too!

*But you're right about keeping war in perspective, Kenneth. It is never our intent to portray war as "glamorous and thrilling." **Dynamo Joe** creator/penciller and co-plotter **Doug Rice** is a Vietnam veteran, and he takes pride in making the book as realistic as possible... for a story that takes place a thousand years in the future, in outer - space, using giant robots.*

Hey dudes:

No wonder my vodka tastes funny — I'm not a general. (Well, maybe I'm generally crazy, but I doubt that counts, eh?)

Here's a silly idea — let Phil Foglio draw an issue of Dynamo Joe for a change. Either that or tell him to hurry up with Buck Godot #2!

Now that that's out of my system, DJ #7 provided me with a few things to say, besides the fact that T.M. Maple seems to be cracking up (the last several letters of his I've seen have been anything but serious). For example, "Mad's" point about our heroes needing levity to lighten their labors was also demonstrated in the 1969 film M*A*S*H, although it didn't treat this as seriously as Dynamo Joe does.

Doug Rice's pencils get better and better, although a few of his faces still look chubby at times. His robots, as always, look marvelous. After years of suffering through poorly drawn Japanese robot shows, the great layouts and flowing movement (on still paper, no less) have breathed life into this time-worn concept. As you guys said, DJ ain't no ordinary giant robot comic.

The art on Cargonauts seems a bit too stilted for my tastes, but it still provides some good humor. (Where can I get a Kiwi 3000 computer?) I think it needs to move along a little faster. Maybe if it does well enough it could get its own book. (I'd buy it.)

Didn't I hear somewhere, like the Comics Buyer's Guide, that DJ has been optioned for a movie or TV show, or some - thing? No, I'm serious. I'm sure I heard it somewhere.

I'm running out of steam now, but look forward to some major action soon. (Like attacks by the Mellenares' Galax-Cs, huh?) It's been real, or at least as close as it gets with imaginative stuff like this (Yes, that's a compliment).

Mike Rawdon
25 Annawan Rd.
Newton, MA 02168

*Okay, this is it! No more plugs for Buck Godot! And your idea certainly is a silly one! Let **Phil Foglio** draw an issue of **Dynamo Joe** ? Ha! Ridiculous! Imagine what issue #8 would have looked like if Phil had tried to draw that incredibly intricate Mellenares gremlin! What? Hold on a second. He did? Oh. Yeah, Mike, that's a great idea! In fact we thought it was such a good idea, we had Phil go back in time and draw the gremlin anti-Pomru last month!*

*And yes, **DJ** has indeed been optioned for television, which is really going to irritate the guy who wrote the next letter...*

Rick and Co.:

Dynamo Joe was a welcome change from comics whose robots are toys or is merely a transcript of that cartoon. On top of all that, the characters are not corny! I hope to Khan that Joe is never cartoonized.

I would like to give praise to the entire DJ staff for beautiful artwork, brilliant colors, and readability. And to Dynamo Joe, the best robot this side of Sigma Base!

Tom Guillou
14 Mill Road
Londonderry, NH 03053

Ummm... what if it was a really swell cartoon, with beautiful artwork and brilliant colors? And what if the cartoon were based

on the comic instead of the other way around?

Think about it.

Hey Rick:

I just picked up my copy of Dynamo Joe #6, but I never even saw an issue of #5. What's the deal?

P.S. Jettison the horrid Cargonauts installment and give Doug the last few pages for more Dynamo Joe! Please!

Elvis Orten
Route #4, Box 120
Dawson Springs, KY 42408

Hey, Elvis! If you had a subscription you'd never miss a single issue! Or if your local retailer would order enough copies to meet demand, you'd have #5 already! Go ask him what the heck he thinks he's doing.

I'm beginning to think there's some kind of vicious, ugly conspiracy going on. Anybody else out there having trouble finding copies of ***Dynamo Joe****? Let us know. Drop us a line and tell us where you didn't find it!*

And I'm going to hate myself in the morning, but if you send me a self-addressed stamped (39¢) 7 1/2" x 10 1/2" envelope and a check for $1.25, I'll send you a copy. I know it's not the greatest deal; but it's the best I can do.

Just to make it up to you, how about we finish off the Cargonauts in issue #11 and start full-length ***DJ*** *stories in issue #12?*

Yep, that's right! Twenty-six pages of ***Dynamo Joe*** *every month! How is that possible? Simple: the guy who drew this issue,* ***Ben Dunn****, will be drawing every third issue to give* ***Doug Rice*** *enough time for full-length stories. Not a bad consolation prize, eh?*

Special Note to Aaron Brown - lee: In last month's lettercol I incorrectly stated that DJ's smile was gone forever. Upon reading this, ***Doug Rice*** *informed me that the smile would, indeed, make a come back in the not too distant future, as the war takes a dramatic new twist. Just shows you what happens when they make the editor write the lettercol!*

NEXT MONTH: This time the enemy's target is a defenseless farming planet where over a half million civilians are at the mercy of a giant planet-eating Mellenares machine! By **Phil Foglio**, **Ben Dunn** and **Brian Thomas.** Plus Cargonauts by Foglio and **Paul Guinan**. And creator/penciller **Doug Rice** returns the following month!

— Rick Oliver